

Moderation

DISPLAY'D.

Modelation

DISP. L. A. D.

MODERATION

DISPLAY'D.

Kind reading

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1077. C. 22.
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POEM.

*Neq; tempore in ullo
Esse queat duplici natura, & corpore bino
Ex alienigenis membris compacta potestas.*

Lucret. Lib. 5.

By the same Author.

Now first Correctly Published, with large
Amendments, and the Addition of several
Characters omitted in former Editions.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1705.

MODERATION

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POEM



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PREFACE.

AT a Time when we are celebrating the Successes of our Arms Abroad, and the Wisdom of our Councils at Home; when there seems to be no room left for Complaints, - and the Nation is only prepared to receive Panegyrick; I am sensible a Piece of this kind will be severely censur'd. For those that are taken up with the present Appearances of Things, who are by much the greatest part of the World, will be apt to say it is Unseasonable at least, if not False and Malicious. But, I hope, others who are not content with such superficial Views, (and to such only I wou'd write) will see the Reason and Truth of what

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I have said, and own that it could not be more Seasonably utter'd than at this very Juncture, when we are lull'd with too much Security, and by that means may give Opportunity to a New Set of Men to ruine both Church and State with their New Politicks. But, if this Poem came out with all the Advantages imaginable, I am not yet grown so errant an Author, as to think, because the First Part met with a favourable Reception, that I am now therefore privileg'd to dictate to the Reader's Judgment, and to ascribe to my own Merit what was only owing to his Candour, or perhaps Partiality. Be that the Business of Dedicating Poets. I have no Ambition of gaining the Reputation of one. 'Tis the last thing I should desire.

My aim is of another sort, and I am abundantly rewarded, if I have been able to contribute any thing to the Publick Service, by detecting the Principles
and

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and Practices of this New Party, who have assum'd to themselves a very specious Name and Character, and would be thought the only Patriots of their Country. But false Friends are the most dangerous Enemies, and they are yet much more so, when they are invested with Power, and the Ministration of Affairs wholly put into their Hands.

'Tis to be wish'd there were no Occasion for Invectives of this kind, that Great Men did always execute their Trusts, and perform their Duty, and were only the Objects of our Esteem and Admiration. But when the Case is quite otherwise, when they become Treacherous, and betray the Authority delegated to them; 'tis fit they should hear of their Faults, and the People be undeceiv'd, who are grossly impos'd upon by the servile Flatteries of Hireling Writers. A Generation of Animals, that always infest the Doors of Men in
A 3 Power;

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Power; and tho' one wou'd think their Trash cou'd never pass upon the Moderate, the Grave, and the Wise, yet they are sometimes thought worthy of Pensions, and Places of 1200 l. a Year.

It is indeed the just Prerogative of the Throne to be approach'd with Humility and Petitions, even where the Subjects have Grievances to represent. But I know of no such Homage due to its Officers. Nor can I yet be convinced, that it is an arrogant Presumption in private Persons (as some wou'd have it) to examine and censure the Actions of Publick Ministers: who (say they) being nearest the Helm, are consequently best able to judge of what ought, and ought not to be done; whereas Men in a remote Sphere, and at a distance, cannot possibly enter into the Councils of State, and must therefore determine rashly and without Knowledge. This is a Doctrine necessary to be preach'd up in Despotick and Arbitrary Governments, where

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where all is transacted in the Cabinet, where the Will and Choice of the Prince gives a Sanction to his Creatures, and cannot be controverted without Treason. But in a mixt and limited Monarchy, where the deepest Resorts of Policy and Turns of Government are in some measure known to Men of Rank and Condition, and where a Right of Impeachment is lodged in the House of Commons, it can never be maintained; for that it would destroy this Fundamental Right, and render the Accusation of Great Officers, tho' guilty of never so fatal and pernicious Scotch Counsels, Impracticable. But I wou'd not here be suppos'd to countenance that scandalous Principle of Appealing to the Mob. I leave such Maxims to the Relations and Friends of a certain Lawyer, (since Knighted for other good Services) who at the Observator's Tryal had the Impudence (as the Attorney-General very justly called it) to say, that the Crown was in the disposal of the People.

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People. Nor wou'd I be understood in the least to detract from the Prerogative, which no Man living has in higher Veneration than myself. For I think it never violated but by a profligate abandon'd Nation, and I wish, for the Honour of the English Name, our Annals had recorded no Instances of that kind. But every Age constantly produces some Promoters of Sedition and publick Discontent; or at least such as are mean-spirited enough to sooth a prevailing Party in their low and base Opinions of Monarchy: and I cannot with any Patience read a Sermon lately Printed, called The Subjects Duty, where the Preacher (tho' a celebrated Divine of our Church, whose Principles are entirely Monarchical) has freely asserted several Hobbish Notions, and told us, that Democracy is of equal esteem with Monarchy, that Succession is a Jest, that all Forms of

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of Government are in their own Nature mutable, and may be altered, or quite rescinded, as the Power in being shall think fit. Which is a virulent Insinuation, destructive of the Establishment under which he lives; and 'tis pity he enjoys the Benefit and Protection of it. But the Satisfaction is, his Discourse is penned in too heavy and unartful a manner to gain many Profelytes.

But as to our Statesmens present Scheme of Moderation. I must confess I cannot imagine how they would explain it, or what Moderation is according to their Practices. 'Tis like the Philosophers *Materia Subtilis*, something that cannot be defined; a Principle meerly negative and unintelligible. For the Logicians have stated no Medium, that I know of, between Truth and Falshood, nor the Moralists any between
Virtue

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Virtue and Vice. I am sure we have already felt the grievous Effects of it in many things, and especially in the unhappy Division between the Two Houses. For I will venture to affirm, that if other Measures had been taken, some Incendiaries durst never have presumed to invade the Privileges of the House of Commons, and to asperse those worthy Members of it, whose chief Study and Care (to their immortal Honour be it said) seems to have been the Defence of the Prerogative; whilst their Opponents were endeavouring to advance their own Usurping Judicature above it, to direct the Crown in the Disposition of all Offices, and to circumscribe even its Executive Power; which when once done, there is an end of Monarchical Government in England; and we may call our Princes by what Illustrious Names and Titles we please, but they will
insen-

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insensibly dwindle into meer Dukes of Venice. A Reflection ought to awaken those that are nearest concerned. But I will not here presume to enter into an Argument, which would require a large and elaborate Volume. I hope some abler Pen will undertake it, and with a just Freedom expose several late extraordinary Proceedings to the World.

But this New Policy is not more pernicious and tending to the Destruction of the Government, than it is absurd and ridiculous in itself. For how can Men of common Understanding pretend to look two ways at once, to blow hot and cold, and fancy that every body does not see through the pitiful Disguise and Artifice? They call themselves true Sons of the Church, and yet make no Scruple of opposing a Bill, which (they own) is essential

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sential to its Preservation. Because it is offered at an unseasonable Time, and in a violent and unparliamentary Method. As if any time could be more seasonable, than the Reign we now enjoy, and it was not as necessary to make wholesome Laws, as to engage in a just and honourable War: For in vain we conquer at Bleinheim, if our Constitution be neglected at Westminster. Or as if any Method can be said to be violent and unparliamentary, which has been frequently practised in obtaining some of our best Statutes. I suppose no Man will presume to urge it as an Argument against the Force and Validity of them. But it is the Misfortune of the English Nation to be imposed upon by Words: And I doubt not but the Name of a Tacker will be represented at the next Elections (by the Whig and Moderate Emissaries) as more odious

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ous than that of an Atheist. They would be thought great Favourers of the Tory Party (as the Language now is), when upon all occasions they take care to discountenance them, and encourage only the profest Enemies of Church and State, under a shallow Pretence, that they are a numerous and formidable Body, and ought therefore to be preferred (as we see they daily are) to Places of the greatest Honour and Profit, that they may not grow mutinous, and complain of Persecution; which methinks should rather be a strong Argument for using all possible means to suppress such unruly seditious Spirits. Nay, so tender are they of their Dissenting Brethren, that I am told it has lately been delivered as Law by a Great Man in W——r Hall, that a notorious perjured Vagabond, with two Wives at once, being possess'd of a separate

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rate Congregation, tho' without any Licence or legal Qualification to Preach to them, shall for that Reason only be exempt from the late Act for Lifting Vagrants. This favourable Opinion has encouraged one of their Hackney Pillory'd Scriblers to Dedicate an impudent and scandalous Libel to the Queen, in the Name of the whole Body of Dissenters, wherein her Majesty is treated with a Familiarity and Insolence peculiar to that Party, and the Church traduced in most opprobrious and Billingsgate Language.

I heartily pity some young Gentlemen, who were unwarily drawn in. For they now find themselves impos'd upon, their Fortunes not much advanced, and their Reputations sacrificed. There is no need of a Prophetick Spirit to foresee, that their Crafty Leader himself will in a ve-

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ry short time be supplanted by his
New Allies; and if he falls unpitied
by his Old Friends, he must
consider, 'tis but the just Reward
of his prevaricating deceitful Practices.



Mode-

PREFACE

My short time has been employed in the
New Alliance; and it is with regret
that I find my Old Friends, who will
consider it but the just reward
of my unwearied labours.

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Moderation



DISPLAY'D.

A Gain, my Muse---Nor fear the steepy Flight,
Pursue the Fury thro' the Realms of Night;
Explore the Depth of Hell, the secret Cause,
Whence the New Scheme of *Moderation* rose.

B

Now

Now Faction re-assum'd her Native Throne,
Which prostrate Fiends with awful Homage own,
A Crown of Eating Flame her Temples bound,
Darting a Blew Malignant Radiance round.

An Iron Scepter in her Hand she bore,
Emblem of Vengeance and destructive Pow'r.
A bloody Canopy hung o'er her Head,
Where the *Four* falling *Empires* are pourtray'd.
Monarchs Depos'd beneath her Foot-stool lie,
And all around is Hell and Anarchy.

Whilst thus she tow'ring sat, the Subject Train
With Shouts proclaim'd the Triumphs of her
Reign.

Then they the Chaos sung, and Nature's Jars,
How the first Atoms urg'd their *Medley* Wars,

How

Display'd.

3

How Civil Discord and Intestine Rage
Have boil'd in ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age.
They sung Divided *Albion's* hapless State,
Her Clashing Senate's Feuds, her lab'ring Church's

Fate :

And, as her coming Ruin they exprest,
A fullen Rapture swell'd in ev'ry Breast,
For such the Bent of their Distorted Will,
Only to know Delight in Thoughts of Ill.

But on a sudden, Lo! descending flew,
A Meagre Ghost, which soon the Fury knew,
Cetbego newly Dead, her Darling Pride,
Whose Firm Unwav'ring Faith she long had
try'd,

Long in her Secret Councils had retain'd,
By which her Empire o'er our Isle she gain'd.

B 2

No

No sooner was arriv'd the Welcome Guest,
 But him in soothing Terms, she thus addrest:
 Hail best Belov'd of all my Sons, Receive
 What Praise, what Joy these Gloomy Realms
 can give;

For 'tis to thy Successful Arts I owe
 My Reign above, my Triumph here below.
 This said, th' Unbodied Shade obsequious kneel'd,
 Struck with Amazement, and with Rapture
 fill'd.

O Mighty Queen! Permit me to Adore
 Thy Awful Shrine, thy all Informing Pow'r,
 Whose nearer Influence my Breast Inspires
 With Glorious Rage and Mischievous Desires,
 'Twas in Thy Cause I sunk a mouldring Frame,
 Unequal to the Hardy Task of Fame.

But

Display'd.

5

But still my Mind releas'd from Mortal pains,

Her innate Faculty of Ill retains.

More he had said, but the surrounding Throng,

Impatient of delay, pursu'd their Noisy Song.

Mean time the Fiend revolving in her

Thought

The mighty Change *Cethego's* Death had

wrought,

Resolv'd at length to Summon to her Aid

Each plotting Dæmon, each Seditious Shade.

She gave the Signal, and a Dreadful Sound

Shook the Infernal Dreary Mansions round.

Then thus she eas'd her anxious Soul.—

O dearest Friend! O faithful Ministers!

Ye mutual Partners of my Joys and Cares!

New

New Ways, new Means my restless Thoughts
employ,

How *Althion* to reduce, her Peace destroy,

Long have I labour'd, but alas ! In vain,

For now Succeeds the Heav'nly *Anna's* Reign ;

Who watchful Guards a Stubborn Peoples Good,

By Fears not stagger'd, nor by Force subdu'd.

Such are the Gifts of her Capacious Mind,

Where Justice Mercy Piety are joyn'd.

As Motion Light and Heat, combin'd in one,

Make up the Glorious Effence of the Sun.

But still the Mortal is, nor will I cease,

Till my Revenge be Crown'd with wish'd

Success.

First then, suppose we shou'd divest the Throne

Of Friends, whose Souls are Kindred to her own.

Display'd.

7

Celsus Disgrac'd, *Hortensio* next appears,
Whose Vigilance still Baffles all my Cares;
To whom by Right of Ancestry belong
A Loyal Heart, and a perswasive Tongue.

Now Plots are form'd, and publick Tempests
rowl,

He boasts a strange unshaken Strength of
Soul.

Fearless against her Foes the Church sustains,
Alike their Friendship and their Hate disdains,
Disdains their Clamour and Seditious Noise,
Secure in the Applauding Senate's Voice.

Of Noble Stem, in whose Collat'ral Lines
Virtue with equal Force and Lustre shines.

When *Suada* pleads, Success attends the Cause,
Suada the Glory of the *British* Laws.

Not

Not the Fam'd Orators of Old were heard
 With more attentive Awe, more deep Regard,
 When Thronging round them, their Charm'd
 Audience hung,
 On the attracting Musick of their Tongue,
 Nor Hell to *Lalio* can her Praise refuse,
 Whose Worth deserves his own recording Muse;
 Who in *Sophia's* Court, with just Applause,
 Maintain'd his Sov'reign's Rights, his Country's
 Cause.

For 'tis in him, with Anguish that I find
 All the Endowments of a Gen'rous Mind,
 Whate'er is Great and Brave, whate'er Refin'd.
 For 'tis in him Fame doubly does Commend
 An Active Patriot, and a Faithful Friend.

Then

Display'd.

9

Then from this near Attendance be remov'd

Urbano, tho' by All Admir'd and Lov'd ;

Tho' his sweet Temper and obliging Port,

Become his Office, and Adorn the Court.

He seems by Nature form'd Mankind to please,

So Free, so Unconstrain'd is his Address,

Improv'd by ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace.

Senato too, who Bravely does deride

Sempronia's little Arts, and Female Pride ;

Whose Lofty Look, and whose Majestick Mien

Confess the tow'ring God-like Soul within.

A Speaker of unparallel'd Renown,

Long in the Senate, long in Council known.

Ally'd to *Celsus* by the Noblest Claim,

By the same Principles, by Worth the same.

C

Old

Old as he is, still Firm his Heart remains,
 And dauntless his declining Frame sustains,
 So, pois'd on its own Base, the Center bears
 The Nodding Fabrick of the Universe.
 Nereo shall cease t' extend his *Anna's* Reign,
 High as the Stars, unbounded as the Main.
 'Tis He, whose Valour the *Batavian* Wars
 Inur'd to Glory from his greener Years.
 'Tis He *Le Hogue's* opposing Ord'nance bore,
 Nor fear'd the Lightning's Flash, nor Thunder's
 Roar.
 'Tis He (with *Scipio* darling of their Isle)
 From vanquish'd *Vigo* forc'd the *Indian* spoil.
 'Tis he the *Streights* Defence so lately Storm'd,
 A Town by Nature Fortified and Arm'd.

'Tis

Display'd.

II

'Tis He, unequal far in Force, o'ercame
A Fleet secure of Conquest and of Fame,
A Fleet by vast expence for Fight prepar'd,
At once the *Spaniards* Terror and their Guard.

'Tis he my Pois'nous baleful Breath has Born,
But with a gen'rous and Heroick Scorn.

For Fiends must still this just monition have,
Envy's the Coward's homage to the Brave.

Nor *Bajazet* shall Rule in favour long,
Tho' he so sweetly *Gloriana* Sung.

A Son of *Phabus*, whose Seraphick lays
Were only equal to her Heav'nly Praise.

But He not claims the Muses art alone,
Whose Nobler Gifts in ev'ry Sphear have shone.

A Soul he boasts with Native Grandeur born,
That my *Volpone's* Schemes rejects with Scorn:

C 2

Form'd

Form'd of a brighter and diviner Mould,
 Can ne'er by humbler Reason be controul'd;
 Can ne'er in *Dark involv'd Designments* join,
 But bravely with the Court will all its Pow'r
 resign.

Here as their various Virtues she confest,
 Rancour innate and Vengeance shook her Breast.
 She paus'd—At length her further Mind exprest.

Be these, and such as these, discharg'd from
 Court,

The *Better Genii* that the Crown support:
 Then in their stead let *Mod'rate* Statesmen Reign,
 Practice their new pretended Golden Mean.
 A Notion undefin'd in Virtues Schools,
 Unrecommended by her sacred Rules.

A Modern Coward Principle, design'd
To stifle Justice, and unnerve the Mind.
A Trick by Knaves contriv'd, impos'd on Fools,
But Scorn'd by Patriot and Exalted Souls.
For *Mod'rate* Statesmen, like *Camelions*, wear
A diff'rent Form in ev'ry diff'rent Air.
They stick at nothing to Secure their Ends,
Careless their Enemies, betray their Friends.
Their Medley Temper, their Amphibious Mind
Is fraught with Principles of ev'ry kind;
Nor ever can from Stain and Error free,
Assert its Native Truth, and Energy.
As the four Elements so blended were
In their first Chaos, so united there,
That since they ne'er could fully be disjoyn'd,
Each retains something of each other's Kind;

Nor

Nor this is wholly Air, nor that pure Flame,
But still in both some Atoms are the same.

Let *Jano*, second of this Trimming Band,
Next to *Volpone* deck'd with Honours stand.
Like him for *black Ingratitude* Renown'd,
Like him with all the Gifts of Cunning crown'd.
None better can the Jarring Senate guide,
Or lure the *Flying Camp* to either side.
Of an Inevitable Old Fanatick Race,
Of Canting Parents, sprung this Child of Grace.
In Show a *Tory*, but a *Whig* in Heart,
For Saints may safely act the Sinner's part.
Once he was ours, and will be ours again,
For Art to stifle Nature strives in vain,

For

For ev'ry thing, when from its Center born,
Still thither tends, still thither will return.

So from it's Orb a Comet glaring Flies,
With unaulpicious Beams thro' distant Skies;
But soon *Revolting* to it's Native Sphear,
Owns the attractive Force and *Vortex* there.

Let him with these Accomplishments supply
Hortensio's steady Faith, and Loyalty.

Bruchus, for he has Wealth to buy a Place,
Shall wear *Urbano's* Key, his Post disgrace.

A worthy Son, in whom collected shine
The Follies of his Mad and Ideot Line.

Lord of the woful Countenance, whose Skin
Seems fear'd without, and putrify'd within.

A Dapper Animal, whose Pigmy Size

Provokes the Ladies Scorn, and mocks their Eyes.

But

But Balls and Musick are his greatest Care;
So willing is the Wretch to please the Fair.
'Tis strange, that Men, what Nature has deny'd,
Should make their only Aim, their only Pride.
Let *Britono*, who from the Parent Moon
Derives his *Welch* Descent directly down,
Succeed *Senato* in his High Command,
And bear the Staff of Honour in his Hand,
A flutt'ring empty Fop, that ev'ry Night,
Sits Laughing loud, and Jest'ing in the Pit,
Whilst a surrounding Crowd of Whores and
Bawds,
His sprightly Converse, and his Wit applauds,
An Atlas proper to sustain the Weight
Of an Incumber'd and declining State.

Thersites,

Thersites, an Apostate Brother, long
 For Railing fam'd, and Virulence of Tongue;
 Who lately held in scandalous Disgrace
 The fawning Courtier, and the Slave in Place,
 Who vilify'd, for every slight Offence,
 With equal Gall the Statesman and the Prince:
 Now, soften'd by Advancement, can controul
 The wonted Rage and Fury of his Soul:
 An Advocate for *Moderation* grows,
 Would heal their Breaches, and their Jars com-
 pose;
 Forgets that he the Guilty Court disclaim'd,
 And loudly praises what he once defam'd.
 So Northern Mastiffs, in a warmer Sun,
 Their Fierceness loose, and gentler Natures
 own.

Causidico, whom fear of Want made Bold,

Barters his boasted Honesty for Gold.

Tacks and *Impeachments* once he urg'd as Law,

To curb the Throne, the Ministry to awe:

Witness *Sigillo* and the *Irish Grants*;

But cease we now, he cries, those old Com-
plaints.

Let us restrain our too impetuous Zeal,

Nor ever *tack* a persecuting Bill.

Let us henceforth offending *Statesmen* screen;

Let Justice sleep in *Anna's* gentle Reign.

So is the Patriot chang'd from what he was;

So solid a Conviction is a Place.

Not rais'd for this by *Abdon's* bounteous Hand,

Abdon, whose Virtues ev'ry Praise demand,

Abdon,

Abdon, who with his Post his Truth maintains,
Whose steady Soul a wav'ring Renegade disdains.

Thracio, who arrogantly vaunted Young,

The Politicians Art, and Poet's Song,

Shall now the Fame his Friends bestow'd, destroy,

Shall be the Tories Scorn as once their Joy.

An errant *Judas*, of the *Motley* Train,

Perfidious, Noisy, Impudent, and Vain.

An Agent fit to propagate my Ends,

Who basely for a Place will quit his Friends.

For let but *Scriba*, that Rich Worthless Fool,

Fantastically Formal, Gayly Dull;

Let him unwillingly resign his Post,

Thracio and all his fine Harangues are lost.

Let these, as useful Tools a while possess

The Court Preferments, and indulge their Ease.

But they shall fly, like Mists, before the Sun,
 When my Designs to full Perfection grown,
 Exert their Pow'r, and make the World my own.

Camillo, tho' triumphant in the Field, shall not
 Seduc'd by *Grants*, shall to this Party yield.
 A Chief, to form whose mighty Mind, conspire
 The *Roman* Conduct, and the *Grecian* Fire.
Germania's Stator, and *Britannia's* Joy,
 Whose Fame does the whole Western World im-
 ploy.
 By whom (so Heav'n and *Anna* have decreed)
 Tyrants are humbled, enslav'd Nations freed.
 But still not all his Valour can withstand
 The Witchcraft of *Sempronia's* Golden Hand.

In

Display'd.

21

In her he shall my boundless Empire own,
And lay his purchas'd Palms and Lawrels down.

When thus the Fury had her Scheme Display'd,
Assenting Hell a low Obeisance paid.

Moloch, Protector of the *Papal Chair*,
Author of Massacres and Christian War,
Was now Convinc'd that Sanguinary Laws
Could ne'er the *Reformation's* Growth oppose,
Could ne'er in *Albion's* Church advance his
Cause.

He therefore, urg'd with his old constant Hate,
By *Moderate* Means consents to work her Fate.
Hopes by *Dissenting Agents* to regain
What *Zealous Missionaries* sought in vain.

He

He finds how soon by *Toleration's* Aid
 Her Pow'r is weaken'd, and her Rights betray'd.
 Nor doubts *Occasional Conformity*
 Will by degrees her Essence quite destroy.
 Then *Satan*, Prince of the *Fanatick* Train,
 Who form'd the Conduct of their *Glorious* Reign,
 Approv'd the Scheme, not hoping to Restore
 His Subjects to their late unbounded Pow'r,
 For well he knew, their Avarice and Pride
 Had wean'd the Bankrupt Nation from their
 side.

But these *Auspicious Moderation* Times,
 By not Detecting, Sanctify their Crimes,
 By Baffling Justice, and eluding Law,
 Make Vice insult, and Sin Triumphant grow.

Nay such th' Effects of *Moderation* are,
 The Guilty to Reward, as well as Spare.
 Hence Foes to Prelacy are Clad in Lawn,
 Hence Rebels are the Fav'rites of the Throne.
 What could they more desire, than thus to pass
 The blest Remainder of their happy Days,
 Fatted with Plunder, and dissolv'd in ease?
 Nor *Belial*, th' *Atheist's* Patron, could Complain,
 For *Moderation* would enlarge his Reign,
 Where all unpunish'd Talk and Live Profane.
 Where Irreligion Providence denies,
 Nor dreads the Laws of Earth, nor Thunder of
 the Skies.
Mammon, the *Trader*, and the *Courtier's* God,
 No sooner heard the Project but allow'd;

For

For hence his Vot'ries uncontroul'd might live,
And endless Frauds commit, and endless Bribes
receive.

But most *Cethego* the Design approves,
Who Dead and Living in *Meanders* moves.
He knew how he deluded hapless *James*,
By the same wily Arts, and subtle Schemes.
Proposes then, that he alone be sent,
To execute the Fury's New Intent.

When he had ended, thus she soon replies,
Blest be the Shade, that can so well advise,
On thee thy Goddess smiles, on thee relies.
Fly, nimble to thy Native Soil repair,
Urge and Inforce the well-form'd Council there.

Occasion favours, the *Cabal* is met
 At thy own Mansion, thy belov'd Retreat,
 The Muses Darling Theam; the Graces Seat.
 There *Clodio's* and *Sigillo's* anxious Thoughts,
 Are brooding o'er *Imaginary Plots*!
 Whilst *Bibliopolo* with his awkward Jests
 Deserves his Dinner, and diverts the Guests.
Bathillo, in his own unborrow'd Strains,
 Young *Sacharissa's* Angel Form profanes:
 Whilst her dull Husband, senseless of her Charms,
 Lies lumpish in her soft encircling Arms.
 For he to Wisdom makes a Grave Pretence,
 But wants alas! His Fathers Depth of Sense.
 Howere, supplying all Defects of Wit,
 He shews a true Fanatick Zeal and Heat:

E

She

She spoke—the Spectre in a Moment Gains
Altropia's Balmy Air, and Flowry Plains.
 At his approach the Dome's Foundation shook,
 When 'midst their Revels rushing in he broke.
 Involv'd in Wreaths of Smoak awhile he stood,
 Seeming at distance an unshapen Cloud.
 But soon, the Cloud ascending to the Skies,
 He manifest advanc'd before their Eyes.
 Horror and Guilt shook ev'ry Conscious Breast,
 But *Bibliopolo* most his Fears exprest,
 Fainting he tumbled—Pass we o'er the rest.
Clodio alone fixt and unmov'd appear'd,
 And what the Phantom said undaunted heard.
 Forbear, my Friends, your Hot pursuits restrain,
 Behold your lov'd *Cethego* once again.

From

From *Faction's* dark unbottom'd Cell I come,
Fraught with *Britannia's* Fate and final Doom,
For, Meditating Vengeance in her Mind,
At length a Finish'd Plan she has design'd,
Nor doubts by *Mod'rate* Methods to obtain,
What she by rougher Arts has fought in vain,
That *Whigs* should Triumph in a *Tory* Reign.

Thus he began, and then proceeds to tell
What *Faction* had before reveal'd in Hell.

The wellcome Narrative touch'd *Clodio's* Heart,
Who did in Words like these his Joy impart.
Since thy *Divided State* permits, be thou
As once a Friend, a Guardian Genius now.

Give

28 *Moderation, &c.*

Give us to execute this Grand Design,
Thine be the Conduct, and the Glory thine.
Nor can we doubt Success; ——— *Sempronia*
Smiles,

And Hell and Faction aid the Woman's Wiles.

Pleas'd with this Answer, the Retiring Ghost
Condens'd the ambient Air, and in a Cloud was
lost.

FINIS.

